

C77 Chronicles 1: New Threat, New Challenge

by MrCraiggy

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Summary: This is the first of what I hope to be many stories about my Spartan, C77, a special recruit of the Spartan III program who, because of his elite training and status, gets the real dirty missions, this one leading him into a new territory, and a new foe..

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The dust began to settle, and, though the HUD still hadn't reinitialised yet, C77 could still see the hazy outlines of his surroundings through his visor. That last blast was closer; the shockwave from it had knocked out his energy shield. He ducked behind a fallen pillar to allow his shields time to reboot and also to take stock of his remaining options. C77's HUD finally came back online. He ran a systems check, everything was green, he checked his weapons, almost two full clips in his MA5C Assault Rifle, down to his last frag grenade and roughly four rounds left in his recently acquired 'Brute Shot'. These weapons suited him fine, enough bang to take out those turretsâ€¦ If his aim was on form that is.

C77 took a chance and glanced over the pillar to try and place the turret locations, it was pretty much down to intuition as his HUD was still only on basic functions and his AI unit hadn't come back onlineâ€¦ Damn, it was at times like this he realised just how much he'd gotten used to Kodan's chatter, the way she'd try and give him advice, but normally ended up getting him into even more trouble, it was only when she was offline that he actually missed her, he even missed telling her to be quietâ€¦ Something about it just felt rightâ€¦

The grime from the last blast had coated C77's armour so it no longer had its white and blue lustre but instead was a bleak ashen grey, that would probably be better, it made him harder to see in these dim conditions, though that wouldn't fool the targeting sensors of those turrets, he had to move quickly before they locked on his actual location. There was another blast, so much closer this time it

actually sent him flying into the air and behind the wreckage of an M808B'Scorpion'â€¦ Damn, to see such a powerful machine in ruins like this, that was some heavy firepower, all C77 could think about was how much he'd like to use it himself. Back during his training, he was remarked to excel with heavy weaponry and demolitions tactics. He was put forward as part of the Spartan III program, but showed so much promise, it was decided that he be given a combination of developments, taking the advantages of the Spartan III program and mixing them with the more thorough and detailed restructuring of the Spartan II program, even so much as extending the budget for a suit of Mjolnir armour of his own, and even getting him an AI assistant, Kodanâ€¦ Why was he thinking this now? Maybe it was the shock from the last blast. He shook his head clear and reassessed his situation. He was closer to the turrets now, which was both good and bad, good because it meant they were in range of his Brute Shot, but bad because it meant he was a lot closer for them to aim atâ€¦ He ran, diving behind a rock formation and ducking out to fire a round from his Brute Shot, it rang true and hit the turret at the base of its ammo feed, causing a chain reaction in the system and detonated the turret. One down, three to go.

"Chris? Chris, what's going on?" Ah, now there was a familiar voice, only Kodan ever called him by his actual name, normally he was referred to by his nickname back in the barracks, Hole, as in "Fire in theâ€¦", again, due to his knack for using high impact demolitions tactics. "Kody, glad you made it; I was worried I'd have to finish this party without youâ€¦ What d'you reckon?" He gave a small grin, glad for that annoying voice returning in his helmet. "I count three emplacements left, maybe a good ten to twenty hostiles, options Ko?" There was silence for a momentâ€¦ "Ko? Ya still there?" For a moment, he thought she'd gone offline again, but then came that voice once more, "Be quiet a moment, I'm thinkingâ€¦ If you can get into a flanking position of the closest turret, you can take out the gunnery team and try using the turret to take out the other twoâ€¦ How about that? I know it has your usual flair for pyrotechnicsâ€¦" Chris blinked, did he hear right? It was her telling him to shut up for once? Well now, there was a firstâ€¦ He gave a small chuckle "Girl, you know exactly how I thinkâ€¦ If you were real, hell, I'd marry you!" then came the soft hum of laughter from her audio outputs, "Marry me? Spartan â€" C77: Chris Schneider, I would be way out of your league, soldier boyâ€¦" Ooh, full title, he knew he'd touched a nerve now. He smirked, checked his weapons once more, more out of habit than anything else, and then came the moment of truth, the advanceâ€¦ There was nothing, the silence only being driven away by the sounds of his own breathing, his pounding heartbeat, he knew it was his own body exaggerating these sounds, but it sure as hell was annoying, to know that even after all his training, all his years of service, he still got nervousâ€¦ Hell, after all that, Spartan or not, he was still only human.

Something didn't sit right with him, the turrets had been silent now for three minutes and forty two seconds, what were they doing up there? He continued his hurried advance; perhaps he'd just got lucky and had found the blind spot in their targeting matricesâ€¦ Perhaps he was running right into a trapâ€¦ He crouched behind another pillar, he was only twenty metres away from the turret he took out earlier, it was still smoking and its gunnery team lay in crumpled heaps at its baseâ€¦. Wait, those weren't all alien bodies, some of them were humanâ€¦ Sure enough they were all wearing the same crimson and grey uniforms, but at least two of the corpses were humanâ€¦ Just

who was this new foe facing humanity, using it's own kind against it? Chris wasn't sure he wanted to know, but if he was fighting humans, things just got a whole lot more screwed up, ethically speakingâ€|

He used the zoom feature on his visor to try and get a better view of the remaining turrets whilst slowly advancing toward the fallen turret for a closer look at the sort of tech he was going up against. "I don't like this Chris, looks like a real interstellar swap meet here as far as hostiles go; humans, covenant, and a total of four other species all of unknown origin to current UNSC levels of data compilationâ€|" Chris shook his head "Thanks Ko, real helpfulâ€| Take a look at these sidearms, never seen anything like them, analysis?" He picked up the dull grey pistol and observed it, Ko ummed and ahed for a few moments as she tried to scan it, "Beats me Chrisâ€| But it looks like it operates using some kind of crystal vibration projection, similar to audio transmitters." came her response, Chris sighed "Huh, looks like I'll have to field test it thenâ€| But for the record, I still hate pistolsâ€|"

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